UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION.

VOLUME XIX.] CHICAGO, AUGUST 27, 1887. [NUMBER 26.

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EDITORIAL.

AN exchange, speaking of a new Presbyterian church being organized, says: "There were six husbands with their six wives among the first members." This is not strange. Given husbands, the wives are easily secured for church membership. The hard thing to do comes when you have the six wives, to secure their six husbands.

A WRITER in the *Interior* characterizes the Episcopalian invitation to church union in this country as a rallying cry which says: "Rally around our church and believe what you please, only so you rally!" If this be true, the pity and the shame is that there is at the core of the Episcopal church a great pretension of belief that to very many of those who do rally is unbelievable.

IT is refreshing and encouraging to see the growing enthusiasm of our American Howells for the Russian Tolstoi; it supplies what has been to many a long-felt want in our American novelist and the school he represents. If these clever reporters of other people's talk could only be struck by lightning—the kind that once gave a shock to Saul of Tarsus—so that they might become dead in earnest over something, we might expect something good, aye, great. As it is, there is too much first-class ability bestowed on second or third-class subjects. Why should razors be used to whittle kindling wood?

"HAVE you ever been to Cape Cod?" asked Mr. Alcott, the Concord sage, in one of his western "conversations." "No." "Then you needn't. Go read Thoreau's book on it, and you will see much more than you would if you went there." Something like this is to be said to those who have never camped out, particularly on the banks of Lake Memphramagog. Let them read "The Shaybacks in Camp," and they'll have many of the enjoyments with none of the inconveniences and expenses. It is a good substitute for a vacation. Having made the acquaintance of Shayback, it will be all the more interesting to follow the lead of his double, Rev. Samuel J. Barrows, of the *Christian Register*, to spiritual pastures green and into the quietudes of the soul. The reader of Shayback will want to subscribe for the *Register* at once.

PROFESSOR CARY, in his lecture on "How to Study the Scriptures," before the New Theology school, insisted on the difference between *reading* and *studying*, and argued that the latter alone would discover the meaning of the Bible, because "it is a collection of ancient books by many different hands, of many widely differing dates, written in languages understood now only by scholars, and treating of things unfamiliar to men of the present time." He further showed that the Bible can only be understood by those who apply the same principles of study as they would to other historical literature, and that all other desires must be subordinated "to the simple determination of discovering what the several writers really meant to say." Alas, how rare is this attitude of mind! But among those who attain to it there is a growing consensus of opinion that the Bible is a book fertile in instruction but beset with limitations; valuable as a friend, treacherous as a master; great in its humanity but small in its divinity; earth's masterpiece of the spirit, but far too full of defects to claim a heavenly origin. When we learn that religion springs not from the Bible, then the Bible becomes a beautiful help in the religious life.

BISHOP POTTER, of New York, is making an appeal to the Protestants of America for help to build a great cathedral in that city. Of course the bishop thinks that the building would have to be controlled by the "only Protestant denomination whose ritual fits it to take charge of a cathedral," but he hopes that Methodists, Congregationalists, etc., will not hesitate on that account to lend a hand. A true cathedral is, to our mind, the most surpassing and sublime outcome of the human soul in matter. But cathedrals spring only out of living faith; they never come out of half-beliefs, make-believes or "would-like-to-believes." The faith that finds its cornerstone resting on the theory of a fallen Adam and a traditional revelation can not in the nineteenth century repeat the architectural inspirations of the fifteenth century. When the religion of character and the faith in the unities of religion begin to find embodiment in an organization and a ritual, then and not till then will the inspiration come that will paint holy pictures, compose great oratorios, and build noble buildings for religion.

DOCTOR THOMAS is reported by a Jamestown paper as having said at the New Theology school at Chautauqua: "As geology is not in the books but in the earth, so religion is not in churches, but in human souls. The trouble with the church is that it has put too much emphasis on creed, and too little on character; too much on what men believe, and too little on what they are and should be. I do not know an instance in history when at a church trial it was asked of a man 'Is he good?' What sort of man is he?' But always it has been asked 'What does he believe?' This it was that burned and hanged witches in our country, and persecuted martyrs in all times—difference of belief." How right the good Doctor is and yet how slow even liberal people are to recognize the full force of the truth. "Line upon line and precept upon precept." Let the missionary work be continued until the emphasis is shifted from *words* to *deeds* and the piety of men and of churches is measured by their *life* rather than by the creeds they sign or the theories of the universe which they may hold

AT the opening of the Lakeside School of New Theology Doctor Townsend thus defined the source and meaning of the expression as he understands it:

"Religion is aspiration, trust, love, the uplift of the soul towards another higher and holier than itself.

"Theology is the attempted intellectual explanation of these feelings of religion. Thus you can see that a man may be religious without being a theologian, as he may be a theologian without being religious.

"Religion is older than theology. Before there was the Christian New Testament or the Hebrew scripture, men aspired and worshiped. In the far off twilight of human history we cannot go back so far as to find men who did not pray. But it is an intellectual necessity of man's nature, that he must explain things. He feels and then he thinks. He admires the flower before he stops to ask how the flower grew. But he always in the end asks how. He must chain his feeling to a fact. He must explain, he will see the relation of things.

"Thus you see religion was followed by a theology, that is, an attempted intellectual explanation of its feelings.

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"The New Theology then is the flower of theologic thought—the modern, the more scriptural and more natural explanation, which men are essaying to make, of the great world-old truths of religion.

"It is the latter and truer putting of theology. That which

I felt with great insistance before I left the Methodist church was that Christian truth should be restated. I did not then use the expression New Theology, but afterward adopted it, as the best expression, on the whole, I could find. As far as I know, the expression was used first by the Swiss mystic, Amie.

"But you may ask wherein does the New Theology, as you teach it, differ from the Andover New Theology? In this, that it demands a restatement of all the great truths of Christianity, while that is simply the expression of a hope in the future world for those, who, in this world, had no opportunity to believe on Christ. The New Theology, as I apprehend it, demands not only the restatement of the doctrines of punishment, but of all the doctrines. But wherein does the New Theology differ from Universalism or Unitarianism? Universalism is a fixed elaborate system of theology. You can tell just what it teaches. But the New Theology is forming, not yet formed.

"Unitarianism is an elaborated system. The New Theology has just commenced its work. It demands a restatement, but does not say it is made.

"But are not you making statements of a New Theology? Yes, tentatively, but no statements of mine can be final or authoritative. But many on this side and across the ocean are gathering the materials,—this one brings a timber, this one shapes a stone, some artist is carving a statue for its prize, and by and by the Parthenon of the noble affirmation of God's great truths will rise over the fallen systems of the theologies of the past. So the New Theology is broad and inclusive enough to embrace all classes of devout and earnest souls. A Catholic, a Presbyterian, a Methodist, may be a New Theologian. The New Theology does not deny God, Christ, Atonement, Punishment, the Bible, but it does affirm that these great ideas must have a fresh and nobler expression."

Idealism.

Always it has been possible to divide men into two classes —those who test and judge the actual by the ideal, and those who try the ideal by the actual. We will not discuss now this difference, which turns on many points, and could not be treated with justice to either class without many nice but honest distinctions and careful qualifications; suffice it now to say, without giving a reason for the faith that is in us, that we like better to enthrone the ideal and bring the actual before it, than to cover the actual with ermine to judge the ideal. We say this in the sense of Lowell's saying, "To have greatly dreamed, precludes low ends;" and of George Macdonald's, "The ideal is the only absolute real;" and of Hosmer's,

> "Thy good is prophecy
> Of better still to be.
> In the future thou shalt find
> How far the Fact hath left behind
> Thy fondest Dream;"

and of Gannett's,

> "For this I know,—
> That our faiths are foolish by falling below,
> Not coming above, what God will show;
> That his commonest thing hides a wonder vast,
> To whose beauty our eyes have never passed;
> That his *fact* in the present, or in the to-be,
> Outshines the best that we think we see;"

and of this, from Mrs. Woolley,—"A widening knowledge of men and things may bring diminished faith in immediate results, though it need not do that if we estimate results on the side of character and self-discipline. When enthusiasm dies it is because it has been too much engrossed in these immediate results; but it is the very essence of faith to wait the unseen and far off."

To this same purpose is the following from a friend's letter, to which we like to give currency: " . . . I don't see how *any* ideal can be unattainable because of its loftiness or grandeur. You know I am an evolutionist. Our ideals grow as we grow. When we have attained the ideals of one stage of growth, another set of ideals have taken their places, so that, in fact, there are always before us *unattained* ideals; but that is a different thing from saying that we may have *unattainable* ideals. But our experience teaches us, too, that we never, or seldom, attain to our ideals in their original forms. As we approach them they take different shapes, and what we do attain to is somewhat, possibly very, different from the original conception in the mind. Yet it would scarcely be for that reason correct to say that our ideals are never attained and are not attainable. Indeed, the real often excels the ideal. The achievements of manhood may and often do excel in true heroism and grandeur and greatness and nobility the dreams and fancies of youth. Such fancies are, in fact, never realized, though they are often excelled. The reality may be higher and greater, more beautiful and more noble than that of which we dreamed.

"Now, in the various phases of existence we find about the same sort of philosophy applicable, that is to say, in matters of religion, of morals, of intellectual accomplishment, of social affairs, of government, of physical research, of commercial transactions, etc. If there were a possibility of the existence of an unattainable ideal, we should most likely, I fancy, find it in the realm of morals; yet I can scarcely believe that any man ever entertained a higher ideal than that which was, as history relates, actually exemplified in the life of Jesus. But it is possible, nay, indeed, it is probable, that history, as it comes to us, may be somewhat at fault; for while 'the good that men do lives after them, the evil is oft interred with their bones.' Of course, too, the Bishop of D—— in 'Les Miserables' is a creature of Hugo's imagination. But I think I have known *one* man (now living) who comes very near to the attainment of these very lofty ideals. I know one man intimately, and have known him since my childhood, and have never known him to do a wrong to any human being, or to any member of the brute creation, from whose lips I never heard a word that indicated a dishonest or immoral thought. I do not claim that he never made a mistake, but I never knew him to do an act or to utter a word that impeached his morality, even though measured by the ideals furnished us in the writings of Confucius, in the New Testament, or in the imaginary characters introduced in the writings of our best modern authors. That man is my own uncle, the brother of my father. When I try to conceive a perfect man morally, I take Uncle Reuben as my model. I can scarcely conceive of a more perfect man with similar mental endowments. He comes up to my ideal. In all the years of intimate acquaintance with him I never knew him in a single instance, or for a single instant, to fall below the highest moral standard that I have been able to erect, and during many years of that time no one except his own immediate family knew him better than I did."

How it does put heart in us to meet such testimonies! How it cheers the whole world to our eyes! In the tender Bible stories the advent of Jesus was marked by a great light from heaven and angels' songs in the midst of it. So, when we meet this goodness along the common ways of life, a light breaks and the air is full of song. We always have liked the faith of that sturdy perfectionist (the good Father Taylor, of Boston, we believe it was) who, when asked if he really thought there had been ever any one so good as Jesus, cried out, "Millions, sir!"

Our friend extends his idealism without hesitation from the individual to the general, from the home to the government and the race. He says,—"It is probable that *your* ideal and *my* ideal will never be realized in form, but I have faith to believe that in the matter of human governments, as in all things else, the future will bring forth realities far more grand, far more beautiful, far better than anything of which we, or the most far-seeing men that ever lived, are able faintly to conceive. I have a great deal of faith in the future of humanity *in this world*. I have faith to believe that the time will come when man will be not 'a little lower than the angels,' but in everything that is true and good and great, eminently higher than the gods of past ages, or the conception of the Deity which occupies the minds of many intelligent people of the present day."

J. V. B.

CONTRIBUTED AND SELECTED.

Unrounded Lives.

Unrounded lives, all incomplete,
The ranks of human effort fill,
While yet the heart, in mournful beat,
Preserves unbroken silence still.

A woman wears a martyr's crown,
Whose thorns have pierced but claimed no cry,
As love ne'er cast a tribute down,
To brighten life, in passing by.

Her lips are mute with songs unsung,
But speak with consolation sweet,
When other hearts, with anguish wrung,
Bring all their sorrows to her feet.

VIRGINIA G. ELLARD.

MT. AUBURN, CINCINNATI, O.

Why I Am a Heathen.

Wong Chin Foo, in an article in the *North American Review*, on "Why I Am a Heathen," seeks with that diplomacy which is native to foreigners to criticise our boasted Christianity, and to point out the errors and sins of our western civilization. He is impressed with the fact that the pure religion of Jesus is a farce, and that the church is more devoted to a worship of the "golden calf" than to a religion which emphasizes love to man and God. He brings to account the creeds of various churches, showing that in thought they are contradictions. He arrays some argument to show why the Chinese, as disciples of Confucius, are truer men and women than we "westernites" as followers of Jesus. He condemns our industrial system as a breeder of poverty and want, and points strongly to the disregard the Chinese government has for labor-saving machinery. He declares that the religion of Confucius has so operated on the Chinese that there is in a year less murders and less robbery among a population of 400,000,000 than are committed in the same time by the people of New York. He touches upon marriage and refers to the education of children and the treatment of criminals. He says that the Chinese possess a printed history of 3500 years and a national history of 4000 years, and that as a people they had passed through mythology, superstition, witchcraft, established religion to a philosophical one.

On finishing the article I made a few after reflections. Here is a people that is about to die from perfection. Here is a great nation who, to speak figuratively, are so pious that they have to hold on to the bushes for fear of being suddenly translated. Here is a great empire on parade, very much like the little boy who, with pantaloons rolled up, was trying to show the world his brass tipped boots. I wondered whether I had not made a mistake in embracing the Christian religion; but since he said nothing whatever about Universalists, and the flash of his eye did not scorch that denomination, I began to take breath and think that some good Universalist had spoken to him how many of us were "heathen" to the alleged established faith of the churches, and how we were conscious of their good behavior (for we never sent a missionary to the Chinese to tell them about their ancestry who were in hell, nor did we suppose that they were so bad as the ordinary missionary represented them), and especially of their advanced civilization.

This celebrated Chinese reddens our face by his bold insinuations. He forgets that we are passing through crises more terrible than those which ever threatened the Chinese empire, and that as a civilization we are rushing as a fresh born river into channels and along shores which bring woe and want to many men and women. He may condemn us for a false humanity, for industrial slavery, for the vices which grow up alongside the colleges and churches, for corrupt statesmen, for bad government and for an unpractical religion. I ask him whether the Chinese could do any better under our circumstances. We hold that life means activity—they seem to believe that it is death. We are glad that the Chinese are so compassionate, that they invite us to accept the religion of Confucius. We wonder why so many Chinese came across the Pacific to taste the fruit which grew on the tree of our western civilization—thus depreciating American labor. We ask if this is a specimen of the religion of Confucius? The point is this. The moral law is the same in China as it is in Europe or America. Jesus did not invent the moral law any more than did Newton invent the law of gravity. He discovered it. He said it should be obeyed as obediently as the law of gravity. The moral law is expressed perhaps clearly, but not completely, in the decalogue or the ten commandments. It may be condensed into love to man and God. It bids us to live righteously, and righteousness depends largely upon knowledge, education. We may, therefore, never know what absolute right is, for we hold that God has placed us here to learn how to be good by discovering the laws and conditions of goodness. Now Wong Chin Foo condemns our civilization because the mass of men live contrary to the morals of Christ. Suppose they did accept the religion of Confucius? Will confession or profession make a Chinese good? Would a change of faith make a man good who already knows what duty, what right, what truth is? This is the error of our life—we do not live as we ought. But much is to be accounted for, climate, circumstances, habits, environment, all have a warring influence on the life we try to live. We as Americans are ever ready to compare notes. But modesty forbids us sometimes in drawing up illustrations and examples of national greatness, which go far to discourage older principalities. We might say to Chin Foo that we are satisfied with our government when aware of the operation of his own, and that our civilization although largely dependent upon Christian institutions is not the result of any state religion, but is the expression of a people who know what right is, but who sacrifice in despair the good of the majority to the good of the few. We shall not boast of our charities, for we have proven that we cannot look upon misery without a tear, and on poverty without pain. We are a benevolent nation, let me say that without fear of rebuke. Our churches need reconstruction but many are beginning to see how the shining figure of Christ is again moving before the world in loving embrace with Confucius and all good teachers as the inspiration of a struggling humanity.

J. C. F. GRUMBINE.

Norway and Unitarianism.

Rev. Kristofer Janson has made a move, for which some of us have long waited and sighed. He invites us to subscribe for a monthly Unitarian paper or magazine in our own Norwegian language. Hurrah! And the programme goes far to satisfy even the most radical of us. It promises liberality and reform-advocacy in *all* things. The paper is not to act the blind mole to the great social questions, problems and sorely needed reforms of our day. That is good. We are nauseated with theology separated from practical morality and social life. It seems our first (*lasting*,—for two or three attempts to start such a paper have already been made with more enthusiasm than money, and solely by Norwegian money) Unitarian organ means to make its religion something more than selfish piety or selfish culture,—a real working force of good will to all men and faith in the All-Father. Our heartiest welcome to it; and down with the sighs that keep rising, because we have had to wait so long for this "Voice in the Wilderness." The first Norwegian paper, that will try to be at once reasonable and religious! What joy the thought gives us who well remember the years when the Old Faith tore our being in two by the conflicting demands of reason and of heart upon us. The first paper that will try to make us good, without commanding us to be stupid first; the first *so* to speak the great words of religion that the stars and flowers and waves and winds will not seem to laugh over them! For again we remember how ridiculously small the old religion appeared to us, how nature denied it with an

annihilating smile, when, having in agony of heart sought light within the dear old church walls, we again came out into the bright sunshine or mild starlight, when again we heard the waves speak, or felt the breeze caressing us. Yes, all the heartstrings within us do sing with more of joy and hope to-day than for long times past, because a banner is to be lifted up on our mountains, around which our people *can* gather heart and mind. Oh, speak loudly, strongly, Mr. Jansen, that all who now feel and suffer as we once did, may hear and be saved—saved from unbelief and a life of cold, despairing defiance!

Thank God! it is thus to be done, the great work. Not forever shall darkness rule over our fair and beloved land; not forever shall it make our people walk in gloom and sadness, with minds clouded and befogged, with hearts chilled by fears and doubts and the impossibility of believing and hoping. No, the first light of dawn is here. We too are to have an organized might working to give our people the infinitely precious blessing of a *rational faith*. God be thanked! Yes, rejoice freely within us, Norwegian hearts, the long, long, sad waiting gives you a right to rejoice "beyond measure;" rejoice that at last the golden light is beginning to play on our hilltops. Our people will awake at last to the glory of life, to the love of God and man, and be happy; sunshine will come over the minds; warm winds will melt the coldness,—and thus will be beautified love and faith and hope in our valleys!

Ah, Mr. Janson, there is not a Norwegian who knows a rational faith but must envy you the power placed in your hands,—of introducing that faith amongst our people,—of religionizing our much rationalism and rationalizing our much religion. A Norwegian could have received no larger blessing than what is yours; may you have wisdom and grace to make the very most of it. Strike hard, and build like an able master builder and our envy shall all run into love and praise.

To understand our feelings you Americans would have to feel your heart clinging to some part of this earth, where nature seemed doubly beautiful, and tender as a mother, and all common things had a sacred, tender meaning, and to see an old faith hung like a damp, chilling mist over it, and to know of a new faith which could replace that mist with warm, beautiful sunshine; you would have to remember the agony that old faith cost you, as we remember it, the groaning prayers for blind faith at which our mind scornfully laughed and mused the next minute; the prayers for "light," which were answered, though the answers but made the agony worse; the vain, fruitless search from church to church for "light" to live by; the beggings of the heart to be allowed to trust and be at rest, the protests of reason seeing no honorable way of so doing. Oh, yes, even "theology" and "doctrine" have saving power.

How we have longed, longed for this preaching of a rational faith amongst the people we love with all our heart and soul and strength, and believe in in spite of all faults and sins, and feel able to do and to live greatly, as soon as it is able to *believe*. Its curse is skepticism developed even into quiet, resigned unbelief. The educated classes of our people have largely long ago ceased to have *any* faith, being too well educated mentally to accept the only faith they ever hear preached —the Lutheran. And that lack of *faith* (the fact has its "moral" and lesson for you this side the water, also,) results in a dearth of nobler motives, of higher living, in a dreadful conservatism, indifference, and satisfaction with whatever circumstances make for them or of them, in a deadened conscience, in a sort of spiritual laziness; in ignorance of all laws or motives but those of ancient custom. The blood is good and keeps alive a sort of instinctive reverence for right and truth, instinctive uprightness,—our best inheritance from the days when the old faith was really *believed*. And great mental activity has kept us in the front rank of civilized nations in all outward respects. We pride ourselves in one of the very best of public school systems developed in spite of poverty and other extraordinary difficulties. We pride ourselves in the freest and most democratic constitution of any monarchy in the world,—of being in fact as free and democratic a nation as there is anywhere. We pride ourselves in a material development for our small natural resources as marvelous as that of the United States, and we pride ourselves in having no aristocracy of any kind, nor any *class* of politicians, in having effectively abolished all aristocratic titles and privileges over 60 years ago. And we pride ourselves in a people which cannot be proved to stand behind any in physical, mental or moral *build*.

But that skepticism has checked all forward moral activity; and works every day more and more to deaden the people, it has allowed vices to flourish and grow strong amongst us, growing daily stronger and more widespread.

It is that skepticism in which we see the danger and drawback to our country. *We* have had no *Channing;* if we had—there would have been little Norwegian immigration in this country; we should have had a little paradise at home. But he was sent to you, and you have kept him and his word to yourselves alone. You had a missionary work to do; for some reason it was not done. We have had no *Channing;* we may still have him; if so his audience will be enormous; thousands groan in spirit for him.

But our liberalism, our rational religion and preaching happened to set up their pulpit in literature and not in the church, and we have reaped both the advantages and disadvantages thereof. The advantage has been a peerless, widespread, almost universal liberalism and radicalism in all matters of thought; the disadvantages have been the conception of religion and righteousness as poetic dreams and dramatic themes rather than as life and reality,—a wide breach between the ideal and the real,—a feeling that the ideal is for poetry and stage only,—that reality is not to be and cannot be idealized. We have had no pulpit-mediation between poet and people, such as you have. And our liberalism, our rationalism has lost the simplicity, directness, naturalness and reverence only a liberal *pulpit* could have given it. We possess all the best elements of Unitarianism, but they are to us as yet only a rainbow of hope and prophecy in the sky,—only poetry; we need a liberal *pulpit* to draw them down to earth and daily life and make them appear real, possible and necessary. If Americans ever think of sending missionaries to us let them remember this, that we have less need of new thought than of men who can make clear, and real, and to seem practicable our own best thoughts. Our literature is full of "liberal scripture," our poets have already done much to furnish a "Unitarian hymn book." We need men to *clear* our thoughts and convert them into principles, men who can give us faith in our own best ideas, men whose own lives move on higher levels, propelled by nobler motives and with wider orbits. We need the idealistic actor more than the idealistic thinker; and for the idealistic talker—we don't need him and don't want him. But we do need an idealism with faith and thought enough to make it a religion, a reverence, a moral leaven in real life, a builder of *real* churches and not merely of "temples in the air."

Our educated classes do largely look upon our established and almost only church as a merely preventive police organization,—something to frighten and charm the poor, the masses, into submission to their lot, and fear of doing too much evil or harm. They themselves expect no help from it, and receive none. Amongst the *most* ignorant the old faith is but a gross superstition, with some ennobling elements in it. And it loses ground more and more everywhere,—loses even its restraining influence over the ignorant, even its police utility. As a moral leaven it was long, long ago "*hors de combat;*" as a spiritual institution it is as dead as a mummy. Its best friends rest their hopes only in radical reforms within it, and such church reforms are to-day foremost in our public life. Would it not have been wise and well had Unitarians long ago endeavored to sow a few good seeds here,—if nothing more than translations of some of the best Unitarian writings? "Are we our brother's guardian?" you ask. Certainly not; not ours at least. I trust we can, and shall, work out our own salvation with our own hands, heads and pockets.

Yet here American Unitarianism will at last, through Mr.

Janson's paper, allow a ray of the light given it to fall over amongst us. And surely none could be better equipped for such a work by nature than Mr. Janson. Himself a poet, he ought to be able to absorb all that is good and strong in American Unitarianism, and in his Norwegian poet-heart melt it, and rid it of its peculiar Americanisms and bring it forth to us a Norwegian Unitarianism. For American Unitarianism heeds that transformation to be able to strike roots into our hearts and national life. We don't want any "foreign mission" amongst us, and we cannot *quite* feel at home with *American* Unitarianism. If you will not too grossly misunderstand me, we do need something a little *softer*, a little more tender-hearted, "sentimental;" we *do* have some "*weak*" spots in our hearts which *must* be touched, or our allegiance is but partial,—then we need something a little more of the "glory-shouting" kind, and something which will "go to the hands and muscles" as well as to the head and heart. We have our peculiar needs and sentiments, and even our own peculiar "*heads*." And Unitarianism is able to fit them all by a little national transmutation.

The problems a Norwegian rational church has to solve are many and great. It must be to us *all*, or it will be to us nothing. It must be able to inspire new motives and life into weary and empty souls, *reorganize* a nation disunited, disorganized by superstition and skepticism—into a true church, in that word's noblest sense. It must be able to inaugurate great and sweeping moral reforms under its banner, and raise individual character to higher levels.

That is what we need; and our faith and hope in Unitarianism are caused by our belief that *it* contains the needed elements.

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We need inspiring motives rather than beautiful doctrines. Theology, however liberal, can no more move us than poetry will stop the cholera. Yet we will be glad to borrow (take or steal) whatever great thoughts we find anywhere. We have a wealth of them, and so have you, and yours shall be ours as well as our own. That is our "mission" we have already established. Since you did not send your good seed to us we have come here to take it, and send it back. And you will not be angry to know that we have our eyes on many shiploads of precious things amongst you which we mean to *take* without asking permission. We don't care much for your "broad acres" and "miles and miles of fruitful land;" our own rocks and narrow valleys suit us better. But we do care for your wealth of noble and vivifying thoughts, and mean to make them ours. We will gladly give you our own in return, if you care for them; if not, still *yours shall be ours*, and no doubt Mr. Janson's paper will be a sort of spiritual telegraph between your country and ours, along which the best in English and American literature will perpetually pass over into *our* mental atmosphere and enrich us.

Such are our reasons for rejoicing in Mr. Janson's undertaking. It is to us the greatest task to be done for Norway. But should we have been overestimating his proposed paper and its work; should our hopes therein fail, still the work, the work of Norway's moral and mental upbuilding and enriching; of its organization into a true, a living church, will go on, for *many* minds and hearts are now at work on that great task in different ways. The needs and spiritual disorganization of our country are producing a hungering, loving search after truth and right; a warm and righteous patriotism.

"And our love shall be the seed
To bear the fruit we need.

* * * * * *

My land will I defend,
My land will I befriend,
And my son, to help its fortunes and be faithful, will I train;
Its weal shall be my prayer,
And its want shall be my care,
From the rugged old snow-mountains to the cabins by the main."

H. TAMBS LYCHE.

P. S.—Just as this article is concluded, I am in receipt of the fourth number of a well-filled, good-looking Swedish monthly, published in Minneapolis by two Swedes, and evidently without foreign help. It seems to have come to stay, and thus to have the honor of being our first Scandinavian organ for rational religiousness.

At the Grave of Emerson.

Spirit serene and sweet, farewell!
The cold earth mourns for thee;
Winds chant thy threnody;
A thousand hearts throb with the knell,—
Farewell! Farewell!

Master of life and death, farewell!
The awful sphinx once more
Sits brooding as of yore;
The secret on her lips, oh tell,
And then farewell!

Prophet beloved of men, farewell!
From what far sun-lit height,
In grander, loftier flight,
Does the freed soul its rapture tell,
And breathe farewell?

Poet and Seer of truth, farewell!
The inner silence thrills;
We see the star-crowned hills;
Thy voice like an exultant bell
Repeats,—Farewell!

"Brothers, the soul knows no farewell!
It is nor here, nor there;
Illimitable and fair,
Its ebb and flow, life's ocean swell,
No secrets tell.

"The soul is its own oracle;
And hearts that love and bleed
The sphinx's lesson read;
O'er heights of heaven and depths of hell
Stand sentinel.

"All-Being's holy calm to tell
Those silent lips are set;
The ages plod and fret;
Still glows within decay's dark cell
Soul's miracle."

Slow dies the voice from glen and dell;
The inner silence thrills,
But o'er the star-crowned hills
Gray mists descend; broken the spell!
Farewell! Farewell!

SARAH E. BURTON.

CONCORD SUMMER SCHOOL OF PHILOSOPHY.

No Time to Think.

We live in a perpetual whirl. Every moment here is a fresh distraction, every hour a new excitement. We rush hither and thither, receiving at every turn a fresh current of some electric emotion, until at last we become little better than mere tennis balls, driven backward and forward by the racket of circumstance. We bolt our books as savages bolt their food. The thoughts of others stream through our minds as water through the sieve. In place of thought there is substituted the perpetual titillation of the mind by the printed record of the thoughts or the acts of others. We have not time to do anything. Science is perpetually lengthening our day and shortening the inevitable waste of time. The railway and the telegraph have enormously economized time, and the more we save the less we seem to have. Yet the day is as long as it was when Eliphaz, the Temanite, discoursed on the eternities to Job among his potsherds, and the twenty-four hours are told out with the same precision as when they sufficed to the Romans to conquer the world.

Why is it? Why have we no time to think? Because

we don't think it worth while to think. Take, for instance, the case of Mr. G. He thinks, no doubt, a good deal. But he is often at a loss for a time to think out the problems with which he is concerned. We do not say this because he so often seems to have no time in which to make up his mind, but because his observations on the subject show the familiarity that can alone be born of fellow feeling and sad experience. Yet Mr. G. constantly does things which he need not do, which take up time that might be spared for thinking. Take shaving, for instance. Kirke White is said to have learned Greek by devoting to its study the quarter of an hour which would othwise have been sacrificed every day in reaping the worthless stubble of the chin. If all the shaved men of London were to devote a quarter of an hour every morning to sober serious reflection, to thinking over the solution of the social questions, what a different world it would be! But if a man comes down unshaved he falls at once under the scourge of a social lash, wielded in the first case by his womenfolk, and afterwards by his friends, whereas no immediate penalty is prescribed for neglecting the study of the gravest problems of society. Life, according to all the moralists, is too precious a thing to be frittered away in exchanging a black tie for a white one, or a brown coat for the regulation swallow tail. Yet the most necessary thinking will be left unthought rather than that a great social convention should be neglected. And as it is with shaving and dressing for dinner, so it is with all the numberless fetters which society has forged for the individual. We lose our life in the endless multiplicity of trivialities, and we fritter away our minds over the endless tittle-tattle of the world. Newspapers, no doubt, are largely responsible for this. The newspaper is the great gossipmonger of the day, and gossip is not innocuous because it is printed—however much it may lack the "inspiration of personality."—*English Paper*.

THE STUDY TABLE.

Drone's Honey. A Novel. By Sophie May. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

Standing as Sophie May does, in the first ranks of juvenile writers, not a little pleasure is found in the perusal of her first effort in the novel line, which she calls "Drone's Honey." There are fine dashes of humor and conventional pictures of distress; and while the story itself is laid among New England hills, breezy and beautiful, and always dear to those who know them, the writer possesses in no small degree a gift for description which never becomes tiresome to the most indifferent reader,—together with somewhat fine handling of widely diversified characters. If one may detect here and there a subtle lack of finish, and possibly a suggestion of triteness, it is readily excusable and more than balanced by the delicate weaving of fine thoughts and artistic fancies. For the true heroine, Theodate, the story ends *à la mode, i. e.*, unsatisfactorily, and leaves ample room for an interesting sequel.

THE *Literary World* closes its notice of the Rolfe-Hersey edition of Browning's "A Blot on the 'Scutcheon," and other dramas, as follows:

> "'The fact that Shakespeare is the only name suggested as we try to deal with Browning's dramatic quality, is itself a testimony to the grade of his work. If the first drama in this book does not convince the reader of Browning's right to be judged as seriously as Shakespeare, then we much overrate "A Blot on the 'Scutcheon."'
>
> "Such a remark as that, coming from so warm-hearted a Shakesperian as Doctor Rolfe, carries weight, and we commend it to the notice of those who are in the habit of sneering at the name of Browning."

Sunday Lessons for Infants at School and at Home. By Aunt Amy. London: Sunday-school Association. Chicago: Western Unitarian Sunday-school Society. Cloth, pp. 136. Price, 75 cents.

A charming little volume has just been published by the Sunday-school Association of London, as a guide to mothers and teachers of infant schools. Nothing could be better or more entirely opposed to the old-fashioned way of imparting religious truth—far above the heads of the little ones.

The authoress (Aunt Amy) takes a simple hymn which the children can perfectly understand, and emphasizes the important words by pictures, stories and lessons from life.

The works of God referred to are made to draw out thoughts of His love and care, and lessons of trust and obedience are taught simply and naturally. Would that all our little ones had such wise instruction, satisfying their wondering minds and impelling them onward toward truth and goodness! M. P. L.

THE HOME.

A Doorway Picture.

Close by the open door she stands,
 Tall and slender, erect and fair;
Her baby climbs, with dimpled hands,
 And mounts beside her a stately chair.

Grasping her garment's silken fold,
 He laughs, with wild-rose lips apart;
His head, all crowned with curling gold,
 Comes just as high as his mother's heart.

Beautiful boy! though you win through life
 Wisdom and honor, wealth and art,
You will never reach, in this world of strife,
 To a higher place than your mother's heart.

—*Mrs. L. G. McVean, in Sunday School Times.*

Miss Greene's Way.

BY MISS IDA M. GARDNER, PROVIDENCE, R. I.

When the bell rang for recess, Christie and Arnold presented themselves at Miss Greene's desk. With drooping heads and flushed countenances from which the smiles had not wholly departed, they managed to say, in a shamefaced manner—

"Miss Allen sent us to you."

"Sent *you* to me?" asked Miss Greene, in a grave, surprised tone. Lowering her voice, she added, "For what?"

The smiles had all gone now. "For laughing in the class."

"Had Miss Allen asked you not to laugh?"

"Yes'm."

"And you refused to grant her request?"

"Yes'm." The heads were lower now.

"What would you think, boys, of a gentleman who refused to grant a lady's request, provided the request was a proper one?"

A long pause. Silence was a very effective weapon in Miss Greene's hands. She never hurried her pupils for an answer, when conscience was working within. Still, the boys knew she was waiting for an answer. At last Christie ventured to speak.

"Shouldn't think he was very gentlemanly."

"You did not think of that, I presume, when you refused to grant Miss Allen's request."

Another silence.

"Boys, I am *ashamed* of you!"

The little faces were very serious now. The amusing incident was forgotten. Toes squirmed in shoes in a way toes have when boys feel uncomfortable. At last Arnold looked up, with an earnest, troubled look on his dear face.

"What can we do about it, Miss Greene?"

"What *ought* you to do about it? What would any gentleman, who had offended a lady, do?"

After some thought, Christie answered:

"He'd say, ''Scuse me.'" Arnold added, "He'd 'polergize."

"Yes, he would, and he ought to; that is, *if he did not intend to offend again*. If he did, it would be adding insult to injury."

"May we 'polergize to Miss Allen?"

"Certainly you may, if you do not intend to offend her again. That is just what a gentleman would do; and I know,

boys, that down deep in your hearts you mean to be gentlemen.

The quick, glad look of relief from their shame passed over both faces.

"But, boys,"—Miss Greene's voice was very impressive in those firm, low tones,—"boys, remember this: either you must govern yourselves, or I must do it for you. If you can take care of yourselves, I would so much rather you would; but if you cannot, then I must."

The lesson was not soon forgotten, and Miss Allen never again had occasion to send those boys to the principal. If ever they began to grow restless, she had only to say quietly, "Boys, must I send you to Miss Greene?"

The assistants in Miss Greene's building used to say, "I do not know how she does it, but the goodness that comes to a boy after he has been to Miss Greene always seems to *come to stay*."

Months after the incident described above, Arnold gave, unconsciously, the clew to Miss Greene's success with her boys. His little brother George was fractious and giving his mother much trouble. The following dialogue was reported by the mother:

"George, I wish you went to Miss Greene's school!"

"Why?"

"'Cause then you'd have to mind!"

"What'd she do to me if I didn't?"

"*Do!* She wouldn't *do* anything, but she'd make you feel as if you *must!*"—*The American Teacher*.

Fred and the Mice.

Fred was a little five-year old boy. Everybody loved him, or he was a contented and happy child. He thought himself a little hero, and often, armed with a stick, made war on the chickens and geese. Although Fred thought himself so brave, there was one animal of which he was much afraid. What do you think it was? Well, it was a mouse! Such a little animal could make our young hero tremble and cry.

In the evening, when Fred went to bed, he was obliged to go through an unused room, where the mice seemed to hold possession. When he saw them running over the floor or heard them gnawing, he would cry, in a cowardly way, for his mamma to come to him.

One evening his mamma was sick, and his nurse was away from home. There was no one there but his papa, who was in the sitting-room reading his paper. He told Fred it was time to go to bed.

"O papa, will you not take me to bed? I do not like to go through that room alone."

"What do you fear?" asked his father.

"I am afraid of the mice; and I believe there are rats, too."

"If that is all," answered his father, "I can soon help you."

He took pen, ink and paper and quickly wrote the following:

"To all rats and mice in this house: I hereby command you to let my little son go through all the rooms of this house unmolested. Any rat or mouse that does not obey will be dealt with according to law."

The father signed and then read the paper to his son. Fred took it, thanked him, said "good night" very prettily, and went to bed. He was no longer afraid. He had often seen his father give passes to people who wished to make a railroad journey, so he had a high opinion of passes written by his father.

When he came to the door of the room, he stopped and said in a loud voice, "Rats and mice, you can not hurt me, for here is my pass." And so he did every night afterward, until he became a large boy, and was no longer afraid of rats and mice.—*From the German*.

MANY people take no care of their money till they have come nearly to the end of it, and others do the same with their time.—*Goethe*.

UNITY.

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NOTES FROM THE FIELD.

Profit Sharing.—We are glad to learn from *Work and Wages* that Rev. N. P. Gilman, well known as the associate editor on the *Unitarian Review*, is studying the problem of profit sharing, and is to give us the result one of these days in a book on the subject. This seems to us the only rational solution of the labor perplexities, and we will look with interest for the book from so judicious and diligent a mind as Mr. Gilman's. We are also glad to commend the paper from which we glean this item of news. It seems to be a paper conducted with ability and fairness. It is such a paper as the non-partisan, he who is neither capitalist nor laborer as technically interpreted, ought to read. It is edited by F. H. Giddings, and published monthly at Springfield, Mass., the annual subscription price being one dollar.

Hobart, Ind.—The Unitarians of Hobart are alive. The western secretary spent Sunday, August 21, with them. They have bought a new organ and repainted and recarpeted the interior of the church at a cost of some two hundred dollars. A literary entertainment is announced for one evening this week, and a temperance meeting for another evening. The Sunday-school and social meetings are largely attended. A fine illustration here of what can be accomplished without a resident minister. For preaching they have been depending on the monthly visits of Rev. A. G. Jennings. Much is due to the devotion and energy of W. H. Rifenburg, an inteiested layman of the village.

Where is the Line between radicalism and conservatism? The *Interior* in noticing James Freeman Clarke's "Thomas Didymus" says the author has "literary abilities of a high order and theological views of the loosest kind. The work is so colored with Unitarianism and rationalism as to be practically worthless as a life of Christ."

The Rising Race.—The graduating class at Oberlin this year contained seven colored people; that at Ann Arbor contained three. Allenville, Georgia, is named after a colored man who is the leading capitalist of the town.

Princeton, Ill.—The Unity Sunday Circle at this place is getting along most encouragingly. Rev. Mr. Fisher, of Sheffield, recently preached there, and a Universalist minister spoke morning and evening last Sunday.

Union City, Pa.—Rev. L. W. Mason, of the Unitarian church of Union City, made us a call this week. He has been recuperating in Nebraska, and is taking in Chicago on his return to his field of work.

LESSONS ON LUKE.

BY DAVID UTTER.

The Chicago Union Course for 1887-8. Price 25c.; weekly leaflets, 35c. per hundred.

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WESTERN UNITARIAN S. S. SOCIETY,
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ANNOUNCEMENTS.

ALL SOULS CHURCH, corner Oakwood boulevard and Langley avenue. Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, minister. Sunday, August 28, services at 11 A. M. Mrs. S. C. Ll. Jones, of the congregation, will speak; subject, "The Religion of the Poets." Sunday school at 9:30 A. M. Every Friday evening, through July and August, members of the congregation interested in improving the singing at Sunday services will meet to practice familiar and unfamiliar tunes in the hymn book. A large attendance at this meeting is desired.

"The Sailing of King Olaf and Other Poems," by Alice Williams Brotherton (Charles H. Kerr & Co., Chicago), is, we believe, the first volume of a writer of verse whose name is pleasantly familiar to readers of the magazines. As a first volume, it certainly exhibits unwonted promise. It not only manifests freshness, versatility and considerable imaginative power, but more attention to form and a higher degree of restraint than ordinary. The spirit which prevades these pieces is wholly sweet and sunny. There are a good many more ambitious books of verse than this in which one would search in vain for poems as fine in conception and execution as "The Sailing of King Olaf," "Passing" and "Tired." [$1.00 post paid.]—*Boston Journal.*

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[*Continued from first page.*]

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